

11630. C. 12

This THE *Belongs*¹⁹

GEORGICS

to *Georges* OF *Coffee house*

& Virgilus

VIRGIL.

Temple Bar

Attempted in *English* VERSE, &c.

----- *Ubi, quid datur Otī,*
Illudo Chartis : Hoc est Mediocribus, Illis
Ex Vitiiis Unum ----- HOR.

L O N D O N :

Printed for R. DODSLEY at *Tully's-Head* in *Pall-mall*;
and sold by M. COOPER, at the *Globe* in *Pater-noster-Row*,
and W. OWEN, at *Homer's-Head*, *Temple-Bar*. 1750.

[*Price One Shilling and Six-Pence.*]

THE
GEORGIAS

OF
NIRGAL

Attempted in English Verse, &c.

Who speaks: His of Medicine, Will
For his name -----

Printed for H. Dorrance in Philadelphia;
and W. M. O'Connell, in New York;
and J. M. O'Connell, at New York, 1840.
[The end of the world and the world]





To the Right Honourable

HENRY PELHAM, Esq;

Chancellor and Under-Treasurer
of the *Exchequer*, &c. &c. &c.

S I R,

MR. professor MARTIN's admirable notes
on the Georgics of VIRGIL first tempted
me to undertake the following translation : Your
protection (signify'd by a free leave of inscrib-
ing the first of them to you) led me to pursue it.
Whoever has seen * Eshur, and those beautiful
A 2 plantations

* *The seat of Mr. PELHAM in Surry.*

plantations there, which (according to MILTON) have been *your earliest visitation and your last at even*, must look on you as a natural encourager of the rural arts: And we find that VIRGIL addrest himself to his MÆCENAS, not so much because he was then a Minister of state, as that he both lov'd and understood cultivation and husbandry. How far I have succeeded the world will too soon perhaps convince me. But I must do this justice to my fortune, that however I may have fail'd in translating this excellent author, I am amply made amends in the honour of obtaining so noble a patron as Mr. PELHAM.

I am S I R,

Your most Obliged, and

Obedient Servant.



T H E
GEORGICS of *VIRGIL*.

G E O R G I C the First.

HOW (under heav'n) to make with little toil
 Your harvest gladden, and the valley smile :
 What time to turn the glebe—Beneath which sign
 To wed, with lordly elms, the humbler vine :
 5 How far the ox shou'd your attention claim ;
 And ev'ry other beast of lesser fame :
 How much, the parsimonious bee may share
 Your hours of fancy, or your hours of care :
 These (to Mæcenas which, of right, belong)
 10 Be these, the subject of my future song !—

— Ye

—Ye lamps, the brightest in the heav'nly sphere !
 Who lead the rising, as the falling, year ;
 Bacchus, and Ceres (ever-bounteous dame)
 If, by your smiles our golden plenty came ;
 15 If earth, which, but for you, were still forlorn ;
 Has chang'd Chaonian mast for happier corn :
 And mixt with draughts, from Acheloüs' stream,
 The heav'nly juice (ere yet it found a Name)
 Ye fauns ! who o'er each rural scene preside ;
 20 The farmer's blessing, as the woodland's pride !
 Come, with the Dryads ! come, together join'd :
 I sing your gifts, your bounties to mankind.
 And Neptune, thou ! whose mighty trident's force
 Earth felt—and, strait, produc'd the fiery horse ;
 25 Thou too ! whose mansion is the darksome grove,
 Whose snow-driv'n steers, o'er fruitful Cœa rove ;
 There browse, at pleasure, thro' the sacred isle ;
 Vouchsafe to crown my labour with a smile !
 What, tho' Lycæan forests be thy care,
 30 Tho' Mænalus thy chief affection share ;

Yet

Yet Pan, awhile, forget thy native foil !
 Hither, oh ! bend your eyes, and bless my toil.
 Nor least Minerva, in the heav'nly train ;
 Who taught the olive not to bloom in vain :
 35 And * Celeus' son, the youth to whom we owe
 The glad Invention of the crooked plough :
 With thee, Silvanus ! in whose hand, is born
 A sapling Cyprus, by the root, upturn :
 And all ye gods and goddesſes attend !
 40 Who watch our labour, and our fields defend :
 Who fruits ſpontaneous view, with equal eyes
 As thoſe which, not uncultivated, riſe ;
 And equal ſuns, and equal ſhow'rs impart
 O'er nature's bounties, as the works of art.---
 45 ---- But chiefly, Cæſar ! thou, whoſe future feat
 Amongſt the gods, is undetermin'd yet !
 Whether, thy office be a city's care ;
 Or whether kingdoms may thy favour ſhare :
 That worlds unknown, and ages yet unborn,
 50 (While Venus' myrtle ſhall your brows adorn)

May

May hail, thy name ! lest the destructive storm
 Blast the full harvest, and its joys deform :
 Or whether, o'er old Ocean's vast domain
 The sailor's guardian, and his hope you reign :
 55 E'en utmost Thulé shall approach thy throne !
 And Tethys wish to claim thee, for her own.
 Or 'midst the slow-ascending signs appear !
 And add one brighter to the future year :
 Between the scorpion, and the virgin shine !
 60 The place, by heav'n decreed, has long been thine :
 Already, see ! his shrinking claws give place ;
 For Cæsar, leave a more than equal space.
 But, whatsoever thou wilt deign to be !
 (For let not hell expect a king in thee)
 65 Nor let so dire a lust of rule persuade ;
 Tho' Greece, well-pleas'd, admires th'Elyfian shade ;
 And Proserpine (while Ceres calls in vain)
 Seeks not, to tread her earthly realms, again.
 Do thou direct my course ! these footsteps guide :
 70 Smile on the daring theme, nor check its pride !

Oh !

Oh! hear the poet, and the farmer's prayer!

Pity their blindness, and allay their care:

Practise the god! at once, a god appear!

And make our vows, familiar to thy ear.

75 —When from each mountain's hoary side, distills

The melting snow, and forms unnumber'd rills;

And, when the close-consolidated ground,

By blindest Zephyrs is, at length, unbound;

Then, is the spring begun.—Be, then, my care

80 Soon to unhouse, the rust-discolour'd share:

And, on the patient and laborious steer,

Brace the difus'd, and long-neglected geer.

There, let him groan beneath the dragging toil!

'Till the share glitter thro' the parting soil:

85 Greatly that Tith will profit in the end,

(More than the greediest farmer's hopes pretend)

Which, twice hath felt the sun; and twice the cold:

Nor shall his barns their bursting harvests hold!

But ere we bring the plough on maiden land,

90 Mark well the clouds, and let the winds be scann'd:

The culture too ; its nature, and its use :
 And what, it will reject ; and what, produce :
 This soil, for corn --- for vines, another ground ;
 Here, fruits, best flourish---and there, herbs abound :
 95 Tmolus, you see ! the fragrant saffron boasts ;
 For whitest ivory, search on Indian coasts :
 Sabæa's soft, effeminating gales,
 Declare the product of her spicy vales ;
 The naked Spaniard shapes his iron ore :
 100 But pow'rful Castor seek, on Asia's shore !
 And justly still, Epirus holds the fame
 Of the best courser in th' Olympic game.
 Nature ! who these eternal orders made,
 Her firm commands, on certain climates laid :
 105 What time Deucalion, in obedience, hurl'd
 Stones o'er an empty and unpeopled World :
 Hence, were mankind produc'd---And hence we trace
 A flinty offspring, and laborious race !---
 --- Ere the first dawning of the genial year,
 110 Let the strong bullock, and assiduous steer,

Throw

Throw the rich glebe in sloping furrows, by :
 That summer-suns may parch them, as they lie :
 But if, on stricter view, the thankless soil
 Will mock your labour, and deride your toil :
 115 A smaller furrow shall, as well suffice ;
 Just, at the time Arcturus seems to rise !
 Here, lest rank weeds o'ertop the promis'd grain ;
 There, lest the gentlest show'r descend, in vain :
 And let the land, which feels the plough, appear
 120 At least, neglected, every other year !
 Firm grows the earth ! And the shorn-fallow field
 Will, the next time, a tenfold harvest yield :
 Or else, the seasons changing all anew,
 Sow yellow corn, where beans in plenty grew :
 125 The shatter'd pods, and rubbish, which remain,
 Will meliorate your glebe, and swell the grain :
 Nor less the stalks, and crackling haulm enrich ;
 Refuse of lupine, and the feed-grown vetch :
 Oats, flax, or drowsy poppies, shall destroy
 130 Your hopes at once, and blast the rising joy !

- These burn, exhaust, unfertilize the soil :
 And future blessings, future harvests spoil :
 But easy sure, the labour will appear ;
 To sow your land, but every other year :
 135 Fail not, with dung, the heartless mould to feed ;
 And o'er th' improv'ish'd earth, black ashes spread :
 Your fields get rest, by happy change of grain ;
 Nor small th' advantage of each fallow plain ;
 Oft too, it has been beneficial found
 140 To burn, with crackling flames, th' unfertile ground ;
 Whether your lands, thence gather ('erst so poor)
 Some hidden strength, some unperceiv'd manure ;
 Whether, each latent ill is purg'd by fire ;
 Or thence superfluous moisture may transpire :
 145 Whether the flame relax the hidden pores,
 And the quick warmth each close recess explores ;
 That fresh supplies of heav'n-reviving rain,
 May brace the fibres of your coming grain ;
 Or whether, with a kind astringent force
 150 It binds the earth, and stops the water's course :

Guarding from downward rays, the recent blade ;
 Or lest the piercing cold your crop invade ! —

—— He helps the land, and greatly proves his skill,
 Who breaks each lumpish clod, each gath'ring hill,
 155 Arm'd with his rake ! and, o'er th' unlevel ground,
 Drags the slow harrow, with its osiers bound :
 Ceres, from heav'n, looks down with kind regard !
 And crowns his labour, with its due reward.
 Nor less they aid the land, who still with care
 160 'Thwart the high-ridge, obliquely point the share :
 And with repeated toil, and ceaseless pain,
 Ply the stiff glebe, and exercise the plain ;
 Pray for moist summers, as for winter's sun !
 A dusty winter brings your harvest on :
 165 'Tis hence that Gargarus its plenty boasts ;
 Hence, springs each blessing of the Mysian coasts !
 Much, much indeed, deserves the farmer's praise ;
 Who, when the seed in gaping furrows lays,
 Levels the ridges of unfertile sand ;
 170 And lures sequacious streams, across the land :

And

And, when the parcht inhospitable plain,
 Imbrown'd, with dying herbage, gasps for rain;
 He from the mountain's brow, or neighb'ring hill
 Leads, in mæandring lapse, the liquid rill;
 175 Adown the pebbled slope, with gurgling haste,
 The channel, unconfin'd, bespreads the waste:
 The waste, rejoices in the fancy'd rain:
 And the scorcht valley vivifies again!
 And he, no less—who, lest the stalk shou'd bend
 180 Beneath the pond'rous ear, and downward tend;
 Crops, in the blade, his too luxuriant wheat;
 Ere its green spires the topmost furrow meet:
 Or he—who, off his bibulous demesnes
 The stagnated, and fenny moisture, drains:
 185 Oft this, in spring, and autumn will appear;
 (The nice criterion of each circling year!)
 When, the swell'd land-flood's irresistible force,
 Drives the still river from its onward course;
 A slimy mud prevails o'er all the ground,
 190 And hollow ditches, reeking, ooze around:

Nor,

Nor, here, the farmer's toil and labour, end ;
 Still fresh sollicitudes, and cares, attend !
 The rav'nous goose, the Macedonian crane,
 Cold shade, and bitter endive, spoil your grain :
 195 'Twas Jove who fixt (what time he form'd mankind)
 That care, with tillage, shou'd be ever join'd ;
 And early made it his eternal will,
 No man shou'd get his bread by sitting still !
 That industry, alone, wou'd plenty give ;
 200 And whetting cares shou'd teach them how to live,
 No husbandman (e'er Jove began his reign)
 Manur'd the pregnant earth, or till'd the plain ;
 Nor was it lawful held to sever grounds,
 Mark the broad field, or set distinguish'd bounds :
 205 All things, in common, lay (for all was good)
 And earth produc'd her voluntary food :
 He ! noxious poison to dread serpents gave ;
 Bid the wolf prowl, and heav'd the briny wave :
 No longer honey, from the oak distill'd ;
 210 Dark veins of flint the sparkling fire conceal'd :

Streams gusht with wine, no longer, as before,
 And toil-less plenty, bless'd the world, no more !
 This, he ordain'd to exercise the mind ;
 That arts shou'd flourish, and adorn mankind :
 215 To seek for bladed corn, in furrow'd plains ;
 And strike the hidden spark, from flinty veins :
 Then the scoop'd trunk, first, cut the yielding stream ;
 Then stars were number'd, and receiv'd a name :
 Then Pleiads, Hyads, and the northern Bear,
 220 First dropt familiar to the sailor's ear :
 For beasts of prey, intangling toils were made ;
 And birds first saw deceiving birdlime laid :
 Wide-spreading forests were incompast round ;
 While the wood echo'd to the op'ning hound :
 225 One searching for the river's deep'ning bed ;
 Beats the broad surface with a net out-spread :
 Another, eager with his hook and line ;
 Drags, from the deeper sea, his dropping twine :
 Time, grating saws, and temper'd iron, gave ;
 230 (For wooden wedges, first, their timber clave)

All

All arts, ensu'd ! and, meditating man
 Improv'd, what hard necessity began !
 'Twas Ceres pointed out the furrow'd field,
 When the bare woods, their bounty, ceas'd to yield ;
 235 With corn, the want of mast and fruit, supply'd,
 And gave what, erst, Dodona had deny'd :
 But, ere the ground receiv'd the welcome grain,
 Fresh toil, appear'd ! and, unexpected pain !
 Left noxious blights the recent stalk, invade ;
 240 Or spiky Thistles, choak the infant blade :
 Lost, is your rising crop ! and, in its stead,
 Calthrops, and burrs, (a prickly grove) succeed !
 Wild oats, and darnell, spring, with every thorn !
 Top the fair harvest, and insult the corn :
 245 Then, let the frequent harrow trail the ground ;
 And birds be scar'd, with some unusual sound :
 Lopp the luxuriant boughs destructive shade ;
 With pray'rs invoke the show'r's benignant aid :
 Else, better crops shall meet your jealous eyes !
 250 On ev'ry hand, a richer harvest, rise !

While, from the shaken oak, and scatt'ring wood ;
 You court a mean, dishonourable food !——

—Next, let me name each instrument in use !

Nor corn, without, is sown; nor lands, produce :

255 First, the well-timber'd plough, and pointed share ;

And Eleufinian Ceres' dragging car :

Nor the flail's useful implement, forget !

With sleds, and harrows, of unwieldly weight :

Hurdles and sieves (which Celeus first began)

260 Of osier, form'd---and Bacchus' mystic fan !

And these, by ev'ry farmer, are prepar'd ;

Who pays to culture, a divine regard.

Bent, is your elm (with equal strength and care)

To take the figure of the crooked share !

265 Eight feet in length, to this a beam is join'd ;

With ears, and dentails, spreading-broad behind :

But (first, well-season'd in the chimney's smoke)

From the tall beech, or linden, form the yoke :

And the plough's tail by which with easy force,

270 We turn the carriage and divert its course :

And,

And, now (nor trifling let the hints appear)
 Some old, but salutary precepts hear !
 With binding chalk each threshing floor prepare ;
 Nor let your kneading hands, their labour spare :
 275 Then 'till, beneath its weight, the plaster groan,
 Let your work feel the slow cylindric-stone !
 Left forward grafs, and thrusting weeds arise :
 Or gaping fissures meet your passing eyes :
 Still fresh, inevitable plagues intrude !
 280 Mock your vain toil, and every care elude :
 Oft the small mouse will undermine your floor,
 Scoop his arch'd cell, and lodge his little store ;
 The eye-less mole, assiduous, tap the ground ;
 And bloated toads, in crannies, sculk around !
 285 All nature's pests your property invade :
 The weazel dext'rous in the plund'ring trade,
 Lives at discretion, on the fancy'd spoil ;
 And wastes, with pleasure, what was earn'd by toil :
 While, dreading a penurious age, the ant
 290 Robs, thro' imaginary fear of want !

When early walnuts are in clusters found,
 And the strong-smelling branches kiss the ground :
 The coming harvest will produce the same ;
 And thwacking flails your happy crop proclaim !
 295 But if luxuriant leaves o'erspread the plain ;
 Thin chaff, and straw, your thresher beats in vain ;
 Some medicate their beans, before they sow ;
 That the deceitful pod may fuller grow :
 And think with nitre and black lees of oil,
 300 To swell their produce, and o'erpay their toil :
 Yet still, tho' moisten'd o'er the gentle flame ;
 Still has the stubborn seed remain'd the same ;
 And still, unless you cull the largest grain,
 Derides your labour, and eludes your pain ;
 305 Thus all things, by unvarying nature's course,
 From good, degenerating, run to worse !
 In vain, we would oppose ! in vain, like him
 Who, toiling, rows against the rapid stream ;
 If his tir'd arm, once slack the lab'ring oar ;
 310 Prone drives the bark, and whirls him on the shore !

Besides,

Besides, as much we shou'd observe the skies ;
 When the bright Dragon, or Arcturus rise :
 Or, on what days, the threat'ning kids prevail ;
 As those who, homeward-bound, prepare to fail
 315 O'er the black Euxine, or Propontic streight ;
 Whose oysters gladden, whom its shallows threat :
 When Libra ballances the day, and night ;
 And equal darkness sheds, and equal light :
 Then work your bullock, in the early plough !
 320 And, ere the winter solstice, barley sow.
 Then, let the furrow hide (and not before)
 Flax-feed, and poppy ; Ceres' fav'rite flow'r !
 And while, as yet, the big-swoln clouds impend,
 O'er the dry glebe, the closing harrow, send ;
 325 Sow beans, in spring---And then, the crumbling plain
 Is fittest to receive the medic grain ;
 Millet ! tho', long, the earth retain its seed ;
 Will, still, your annual care, and labour, need.
 What time the golden Bull, in high career ;
 330 With his bright horns, unlocks the bursting year !

And

And the pale Dog, submissive, shall resign
 His place, in favour of the backward sign :
 But, if a wheaten harvest be your care ;
 If bearded corn, alone, your wishes share :
 335 First, let the morning Pleiads leave the skies ;
 And, the crown's pride, the Gnosian star arise !
 Ere, the due seed bestrew the furrow'd plain,
 Or earth is trusted with your hopes of gain :
 Those who, ere Maia's setting, have begun ;
 340 Will wish their inauspicious work undone :
 But wou'd you raise the kidney-bean, or tare ;
 And think Egyptian lentils worth your care :
 Boötes, setting, is the rule to know ;
 Begin ! and, till the sharp mid-winter, sow.
 345 For this, the golden Sun is, ceaseless, hurl'd
 Thro' the twelve signs, and rules an equal world :
 Five zones, the earth begird ! for ever, one
 Still glows, and pants, beneath a torrid sun :
 Two, at the globe's extremest points, appear ;
 350 Stiff with blue ice, and dris'ling all the year !

'Twixt these, and that, which the mid-earth divides
 Two more, where heav'n-appointed man resides ;
 Full in the midst with fixt unerring force,
 The twice fix signs describe their bending course.
 355 And as the globe, in Scythia, upward tends ;
 In southern Libya it, declining, bends :
 Northward, th' immeasurable Dragon shines !
 And like a vast, mæand'ring river, twines :
 Between the Bears unfolds his spangled train,
 360 The Bears, who dread to plunge into the main.
 Southward, as some report, 'midst gloomy cells,
 ('Wrapt in eternal silence) darkness dwells !
 Or else, Aurora, with a glimm'ring ray
 From us to them, returning, brings the day !
 365 And when the sun, first orient, breathes anew
 His panting steeds, and sweeps the starry dew ;
 There Vesper, last of heaven's bright host, retires !
 And lights up other worlds. and later fires.
 Hence in the skies approaching storms we know ;
 370 Hence judge of harvests, and the times to sow :
 When'

- When, with stiff oars, to lash the flatt'ring tide ;
 When, launch the fleet ; or when, at anchor, ride.
 What time most proper, and which year is good,
 To fell the monarch of the pine-tree wood ;
 375 Nor yet, as if an useless art, decline
 To watch each rising, as each setting sign :
 And the four seasons, when their marks appear ;
 That part the equally-distinguish'd year :
 Nor do bleak winter's storms, and fallen rain,
 380 Confine the husband-man, at home, in vain ;
 Secure, beneath its hospitable roof,
 The coming spring will find him work enough :
 At leisure form'd, his handy-works excell ;
 Which hasten'd, might not please or serve so well :
 385 Then, is your time to point the blunted share ;
 Edge the dull tool, and every geer prepare :
 Scoop hollow troughs, from some mishapen block ;
 Number each sack, and mark the woolly flock :
 Some sharpen stakes, and prongs by-forked join ;
 390 Or willow slit to tie the rambling vine :

Others,

Others, with bramble, weave the basket's round;
 Or parch, fresh harvests, while the rest are ground :
 On sacred days, by laws of god and man,
 Some necessary works are, still, began :
 395 Religion ne'er forbid the field to drain ;
 Or, with a hedge, defend the rip'ning grain :
 Birds to insnare, and set your thorns in flames ;
 Or plunge the bleating flock in healthful streams :
 Oft his slow ass (that sinks beneath the loads
 400 Of fruit and oil) the pond'ring driver, goads :
 And, quitting town, brings pitch on his return ;
 Or mill-stones shagg'd, to pulverize the corn :
 The very moon we, by experience, find
 Has lucky, and unlucky days, assign'd :
 405 Avoid the fifth ! for, on that fatal morn
 Pale Dis, and all the fury-race were born !
 Then, with an horrid labour, groan'd the earth !
 And gave Japetus, and Cæus, birth :
 Typhæus, dire ! and the gigantic crew
 410 Whose arms, o'er heav'n's high arch, a terror threw :

Thrice, Pelion ! thrice, their rebel hands essay'd,
 To roll vast Ossa, on thy monstrous head ;
 And while, on thee, yet tott'ring ! Ossa stood ;
 Olympus, tumbled all her weight of wood !
 415 But Jove, who, starting from the inmost skies ;
 'Erst, unconcern'd, saw rocks on rocks arise !
 Now, ere the mightier work were mightier grown,
 Lanc'd his dread bolt, and hurl'd their mountains down,
 The seventh, and tenth, are days of lucky name ;
 420 To plant the vine, or new-yok'd oxen tame :
 Or, in your loom, the ready woof to weave ;
 The ninth is good to fly ! but, bad to thief !
 In the cool night, some things are better done ;
 Or, ere the dew-drop spangles, in the sun :
 425 By night, mow stubble ; and the parcht-up mead ;
 Night, seldom fails her moist'ning balm to shed :
 Some, watching o'er a winter's evening fire ;
 Shape, with keen knives, their torches to a spire :
 What time, their dames (nor think the toil is long
 430 While the slow hours are sweeten'd, with a song)

Swift,

Swift, thro' the op'ning web, their shuttle run ;
 And the reed whistles, as the work goes on :
 Or, boil away the must's o'er-luscious stream,
 And scum, with leaves, the quiv'ring kettle's brim :
 435 But, in the noon-day heat, the wheaten spoil
 Is best cut down, and reapt with noon-day toil ;
 Naked, ye farmers, plough ! and, naked, sow !
 Winter will give you rest, and joys enow.
 Then, the just fruit of former labours taste ;
 440 And drown old sorrows, in the genial feast :
 Then, is the proper time ! the hour, invites !
 And gives fresh pleasure, ever-new delights :
 Thus joyful sailors, on their ship's return,
 With flowr's, her weather-beaten prow, adorn ;
 445 The voyage, finish'd ! toil is turn'd to sport ;
 And the well-freighted vessel, rides in port.
 Now myrtles, olives, oaks, expecting stand ;
 And the bay-berry courts a gath'ring hand !
 Now toils, for staggs, contrive ; the crane insnare ;
 450 And course, o'er outspread lawns, the long-ear'd hare :

While snow, lies deep ; and, while adown the tide
 Smooth plates of ice, precipitating, glide :
 †Balarian slingers whirl the twisted thong ;
 And the markt doe, drops *---as she bounds along !

- 455 — Autumnal constellations, and their train
 Of blust'ring tempests, need the muse explain ?
 Or man's, yet necessary care, relate ;
 When days contract, and downward suns abate !
 When spring's soft show'rs, to rip'ning summer, yield ;
 460 And the spik'd harvest, bristles o'er the field :
 Or, when the milk-swoln juices, first, appear
 On the soft stem, and plump the vivid ear ;
 Oft have I seen (what time the farmer fought
 His yellow field, and the white reaper brought)
 465 Ere the keen fickle touch'd the brittle plain,
 The warring tempest charge the well-rank'd grain ;
 Part by the roots, the sport of winds, uptorn ;
 Whirls in the clouds ; and, thro' the air is born !

† For Balærian.

• *Procumbit humi, bos.*

VIRG.

The loaded ear, like common stubble, flies
 470 Before the storm, and mingles with the skies ;
 Oft too, the water's irresistible flood
 Precipitating, bursts the op'ning cloud ;
 The cloud, still gath'ring from the hazy main,
 Fresh tempests brews, fresh deluges of rain !
 475 The thick'ning sky a gushing torrent pours ;
 And earth sinks, under such a vast of show'rs !
 Drown'd, all the labours of the early plough !
 Lost, wholly lost, and undistinguish'd now !
 Swells, the fill'd dyke ! hoarse rivers, grumbling, roar ;
 480 And the tost wave breaks, foaming, on the shore :
 Thro' the deep horror of a troubled sky,
 Big thunders roll, terrific lightnings fly !
 Earth, trembles ! beasts, are fled ! they, disappear.---
 Whole nations shudder with religious fear ;
 485 Proud Athos falls, in dreadful ruin, hurl'd !
 And huge Ceraunia, tumbling, frights the world !
 Redouble show'rs, and winds ! and, all around
 Woods, rocks, and shores, return the horrid sound.

Then,

Then, watch each monthly sign, as this you fear!
490 Each constellation of the heav'nly sphere;
Whither cold Saturn, self-retiring, moves;
Or, thro' what orbits, bright Cyllenius roves:
But chiefly, supplicating heav'n, adore!
To Ceres, tributary rites, restore:
495 On vivid turfs, each annual off'ring, pay;
When, to mild spring, bleak winter yields the sway:
Then, all things prosper well! the lambkins thrive;
And mellow wines, a richer flavour, give:
Uninterrupted slumber lends her aid;
500 While the hill glories in its leafy shade!
Ceres, let all thy rural youths adore;
To her, the generous free libation pour!
Mellifluent combs, with milk and wine, dilute;
Then, round the new-year's grain, and recent fruit,
505 Let the propitious victim, thrice, be led!
While shouting hinds the joyful circle tread:
Then, to your roof, with songs, the goddess gain!
Nor, let the reaper touch the yellow plain,

'Till

'Till he, first, chaunts (with oaken garlands crown'd)
 510 Each rustic hymn, and leads the antic round.
 And that, by sure prognostics, we may know
 Heat, rain, or winds, which thrilling changes blow,
 The moon, shall well advise (so Jove ordains)
 When the south-wind abates, what signal reigns,
 515 Your hind, who, strict observes th' unerring sign,
 Will, near the stall, his rambling herd confine ;
 Ere the winds rise, tost billows heave around !
 Dry mountains snapp, and yield a crackling sound :
 Or shores, responsive, echo far and near ;
 520 While rustling woods swell gath'ring on the ear.
 Scarce will your bark the driving wave withstand,
 When the swift corm'rant skreaming seeks the land ;
 Or sea-coots sport upon the beachy shore,
 And hems forsake their nests ; and, sightless, soar !
 525 Oft too, observe, when dang'rous winds impend,
 From heav'n precipitating stars descend !
 And, thro' the venerable gloom of night,
 Streams a long train of momentary light !

Dead leaves, dry chaff, in circling eddies skim ;
 530 And quiv'ring feathers sport the wat'ry brim !
 When, flash brisk lightnings from the northern pole !
 And, east and west, slow-grumbling thunders roll !
 Soon, the swell'd dyke o'er all the land prevails ;
 And then, † all hands ! to furl the dripping sails :
 535 Show'rs, to observers, ne'er fall unawares !
 The crane, aërial, sudden wing prepares ;
 The, storm-ingend'ring, valley to forsake :
 Or, prattling swallows, circling, skim the lake !
 Your heifer's wid'ning nostril snuffs the gale,
 540 And frogs, still croak, their lamentable tale ;
 Oft too, the pismire marks the narrow road ;
 And brings, from hidden cells, her pregnant load :
 Deep, drinks the arch ! and, crows (a sable cloud)
 Flap the deep wing, and leave their mangled food !
 545 Now ev'ry sea-foul, and, each bird that swims
 Or Asian lake, or sweet Cäyfter's streams ;

Their

† *Omnis navita* perhaps might be the Roman sea-term for *All hands aloft*.

Their wings, in sporting emulation, lave ;
 Dash the light stream, or plunge beneath the wave !
 Then, o'er the glassy level, scud amain :
 550 And strive to wet, their little plumes in vain :
 Ill-boding ravens, with incessant croak
 Stalk the dry beach, and gushing show'rs invoke !
 Nor, is the damsel, o'er her nightly toil,
 (When, in the lamp, she marks the sputt'ring oil
 555 And fungous clots around its wick appear)
 Unprescient of the storm, that threatens near !—
 —Nor, from less safe and certain signs, are seen
 Unshow'ry suns, and æther's blue-serene !
 The lucid star throws off her dimming veil ;
 560 Nor clouds, in light transparent fleeces, sail :
 Fair Luna, rises, like another sun ;
 And seems to reign, with splendor all her own !
 Nor, halcyons (Thetis' fav'rite bird) display
 Their varying plumage, to the basking ray ;
 565 The hog, with tossing snout, no more unbinds
 Your bundled straw, and gives it to the winds ;

Descending mists hang, smothering, o'er the plain ;
 Nor owls, at sun-set, from your roof complain !
 Nifus, high-soaring ! cleaves the liquid air ;
 570 And guilty Scylla rues the purple hair :
 Where'er she glides, still eager he pursues ;
 Above, below, still Nifus Scylla views :
 Revenge-inspir'd, precipitate he springs !
 While conscious shame still lends, the winged, wings :
 575 The tuneless raven, now, contracts his throat ;
 And, oft redoubling, pours a clearer note :
 Their airy cell unusual joy perceives ;
 Swells a glad music thro' the rustling leaves !
 The storm blown off, with joy, they sweep along
 580 To their lov'd homes, and feed their callow young :
 Not, that I think their gift deriv'd from heav'n ;
 Or prescient knowledge e'er, by fate, is giv'n :
 But, when the moving storm and changeful rain
 To other quarters, shift their humid train ;
 585 When the moist wind condenses, what was rare ;
 And rarifies, what 'erst was, denser air ;

Their

Their little bosoms take another turn,
 With new impressions, diff'rent passions burn !
 And, sympathizing, wear a blander form ;
 590 When smiles the calm, than when it frowns a storm !
 Hence ! the glad chirping of the feather'd quire ;
 Hence, joy and rapture, ev'ry brute inspire :
 Creation, smiles ! while, from the branching oak
 With uncouth song, exulting ravens croak ;
 595 But, if you watch the sun's still rapid force ;
 And moons, which follow, in unvarying course :
 To morrow, never will your hopes deceive !
 Nor fair complexion, of a flatt'ring eve,
 When the moon, first, collects returning rays ;
 600 If her dark horn inclose a dusky space,
 Deep rain, ye farmers ! and, ye sailors, dread !
 But, if a virgin-blush her face bespread :
 A blust'ring storm, too surely, lurks behind ;
 For, Phæbé reddens at approaching wind :
 605 But, trust the rising of a fourth day's moon ;
 If, with bright horns, she rides at highest noon,

Not that day, only, but the month remains
 Free from harsh winds, and clear of fullen rains :
 While failors, safe on shore, their altars load
 610 To Ino's son, and every ocean-god !
 Nor less the sun, affords his proper signs
 As east, he rises : or, as west, declines :
 The surest tokens, from the sun, receive ;
 When dawns the morning, or when shuts the eve !
 615 If, orient, on his visage spots appear ;
 Or, wrapt in clouds, unveils but half a sphere :
 'Twill rain — For foe to corn, and beast, and tree ;
 The southwind presses from the misting sea.
 Or, when, at earliest rise, the scatt'ring rays
 620 Strike thro' each thick'ning cloud, a thousand ways ;
 And leaving, now, Tithonus' saffron bed,
 Aurora seems, with paler lustre, spread ;
 The broad vine-leaf will, then, but ill avail
 To guard it's clusters, from the patt'ring hail ;
 625 But, when the sun declining leaves the sky,
 This plain prognostic you will, best, descry ;

For various colours, oft, we may perceive
 Glide o'er his orb, and various symptoms leave ;
 When spreads cærulean æther, rains descend !
 630 And fiery skies, as certain, winds portend !
 If, o'er the ruddy blaze, dark spots appear ;
 Then, both expect ! and, both expecting, fear !
 That night, let none persuade me to explore
 The deep, or loose my cable from the shore ;
 635 But, if at setting day, or, earliest morn,
 His orb shall, with unfullied lustre, burn ;
 In vain, the show'r you dread ! and, home, repair ;
 The waving woods a dry northwind declare.
 In fine, what season, with late Vesper dwells ;
 640 Whence, the swift wind each bright'ning cloud dispell,
 What the moist wind is brewing up again,
 The sun will, first, advise ; or, last, explain !
 Who dares thy prophesying pow'r deny ?
 By thee, we know when dangers threaten nigh :
 645 By thee, conspiracies are brought to light ;
 And treasons, darker than the deep of night !---

---When

—When Cæsar fell, to murd'ring hands, a prey !
 The sun, yet pitying Rome, obscur'd his ray ;
 A dusky redness, veil'd his glorious head,
 650 And a dark scurf, the beaming orb, bespread :
 That impious mortals, shrinking with affright ;
 Fear'd endless darkness, universal night !
 Tho' dire portents earth, then, and ocean's wave ;
 Bad-boding dogs, and birds ill-omen'd gave ;
 655 How oft, have we seen tortur'd Ætna pour
 Her flaming deluge, o'er the Cyclops' shore ?
 From the burst furnace molten rivers roll ;
 And dread volcano's flash, from pole, to pole !
 Germania caught, thro' heav'n, the sound of arms !
 660 Rock'd the huge Alps ! and felt, unknown alarms !
 The stilly grove unusual voices heard ;
 Pale spectres, stalk'd ! and, midnight shades appear'd !
 Earth, yawn'd ! beasts, spake ! and, dreadful to relate,
 Thro' the dim temple, brazen figures, sweat ;
 665 Each ivory statue, sympathizing, weeps ;
 Stops the prone stream ! and in its channel, sleeps.

With

With rushing swell, the Po (supreme of floods)
 Whirls headlong, herds! and, sweeps uprooted woods!
 Not, in the entrails of each hallow'd beast,
 670 Ill-boding signs, and threat'ning fibres ceas'd;
 Gush purple bubbleings from the springing well;
 And wolves, thro' echoing cities, nightly yell!
 From azure skies, such light'nings never flew!
 Such glaring comets, never mortal knew!
 675 For this, Philippi, twice, has felt alarms;
 And, twice, saw Rome oppos'd, to Roman arms:
 While Roman blood (so injur'd heav'n ordains)
 Twice smoaks on Hæmus, and Emathia's plains.
 The day will come, what time, with easier toil
 680 Your crooked plough upturns the fatt'ning soil;
 That swains alarm'd, shall thro' the parting dust
 See jav'lines half-consum'd, with eating rust;
 Or, 'gainst some scull-less cask their harrow graze;
 And, in astonishment, and wild amaze!
 685 At yawning graves, 'midst wheaten vallies, stare,
 And bones, of giant stature, bury'd there!—

—Ye, tutelary gods ! ye, heav'nly pow'rs !
 Who Tuscan Tiber guard, and Roman tow'rs ;
 Oh ! Romulus, and Vesta ! ere too late,
 690 Grant this young Man, to prop a reeling state !
 Long since, the blood of our disastrous times,
 Has wash'd away the blot of Trojan crimes : A
 Heav'n, envies us thy presence ! and, complains
 That earthly sway, her Cæsar, still detains !
 695 Where right, and wrong, are blended ! horrid wars
 Spread the wide earth, and every vice appears !
 Fair husbandry receives no honours, now ;
 And the prest hind, yet struggling, leaves the plough !
 Neglected fields, no joyful crop afford !
 700 While the bent scythe is strait'n'd, to a sword.
 Euphrates, here ! there, Germany alarms !
 Eager they snatch the shield, and rush to arms ;
 Cities, once leagu'd, now, by themselves expire !
 And war's grim god, sets all the world on fire.—
 705 Thus, when our racers from their barriers start ;
 (Each big with hope, each elevate of heart)

As round, and round, they double still the goal ;
 Swifter, the circling wheels, and swifter roll !
 In vain, attempts the trembling charioteer,
 710 With feeble arm to check their mad career !
 Fleet, as the winged winds, they sweep the plain :
 Mock his faint voice, nor heed the tight'ning rein.

11. 7. 49

END of the First GEORGIC.



As round, and round, they double fill the goal ;

Swifter the circling wheels, and swifter roll !

In vain, attempts the trembling chariotster,

710 With feeble arms to check their mad career !

Flung as the winged winds, they sweep the plain ;

Mock his faint voice, nor heed the lightning rain.

END of the First GEORGIC.

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